

First. We should rejoice, pouring out the very depths of our emotions to the Giver in gratitude.

Second. We should humble ourselves before Him and plead with Him that we may have more of the spirit of Christ, so that we can trust our God more perfectly in dry weather.

Third. We should be ready to give of our prosperity gained by these showers in remembrance of God's help to us, to help His church carry out her work.

How beautiful it will be when we all can fully believe that "God is in everything!" How inspiring and convincing to man it will be when we all will go about our work day by day in thought that God is as good to us and as near us in darkness as in light, in adversity as in prosperity, in sorrow as in comfort, in our homes as in the church, on the sea as on the land.

"Trust and obey,
For there's no other way,
To be happy in Jesus
But to trust and obey."

YOUTH.

CLARA WORST.

There is a subtle chain that binds us to the charms of youth. There is the voice of that purer life within that will remain, and we cannot crowd it thence.

Awakened by this "still small voice" the aged Spaniard, Ponce de Leon, sails the unknown seas in search of the fountain of perpetual youth. The curse pronounced upon the Wandering Jew, as he stood in the road to Golgotha, would be intolerable to the undying man were he not at regular intervals made young again.

"Youth is the brief morning hour which precedes the busy day." It is the period of dreams, when airy castles are built, and when Queen Mab, with her fairy crew, holds undisputed reign over the imagination, and revels at will in the hall of fancy. But then thinking, and dreaming with eyes wide open is the highest privilege granted to any of God's creatures. It is faith in action, which makes anticipation far sweeter than realization, and makes life worth living.

The mind wings its upward flight and soars to higher spheres, then descends with the conceptions of a nobler ideal by which the life is governed and the soul beautified—a conception of incalculable worth, for no soul can rise higher than the ideal it worships.

Youth is the chart of a man, of a woman, yet to be filled up with the elements of a character. It is then that the seeds of good or evil, as they may chance to be, are sown by the influences of the sur-

roundings. Then with what delicacy should the pencil of personal influence be used, for the soul is soft and the lines that are made sink deeply and are not easily erased.

Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a master-piece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive the sun and moon and stars and the crash of worlds. And through all ages the spark of its influence shall fly and here and there kindle a fire in a fellow-being's heart that shall blaze forth to its appointed end.

"Possibilities are as infinite as God's power." And they with capability and godlike reason are measured out to the choicest gift in the bounty of heaven. In the feeling heart there is awakened a reverential love; and it bows before the little ragged urchin for who knows about his silent future with its springs of wonder and wisdom buttoned up under his tattered jacket.

The exterior of a sea shell is uncouth, but it has an iridescent lining, one of the most beautiful creations of Nature, and within there lies a priceless pearl.

Behold the possibilities of only a flower! The simple wild rose, with only five petals, blushing by the road side may be developed into a most beautiful tea rose or a famous Marechal Neil. Then what marvels of genius may be presented to the world by the hidden power of an intelligent creation of God!

The goal of life is perfection, and "perfect lives are the treasures of God."

A little child is a messenger of good tidings from heaven. In the unfolding of a human life and the development of a human soul, as in the unfolding of the petals of an alabaster lily, a sweet and sacred influence, as the rare perfume, is shed around it, and the weary traveler catching a fresh gleam of hope takes heart again.

But when the brief life is o'er, and flowers are strewn over a coffined form instead of kisses on a warm brow, we think how much more pure and holy must be the spirit-land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner. The thoughts are borne to higher realms, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," and it is well. Childhood was honored forever in that first Christmas night, when God laid the Babe of Bethlehem in the manger. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid rocked by the Nile that God called the attention of history.

It was a child that called forth Christ's

curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the disputing disciples to teach the lesson of humility. And when on that first sweet Children's Day, each mother brought her child for a parting blessing, surely he felt that here were the buds, tender and beautiful, that would blossom in His garden of spiritual exotics, a transplantation of the flowers of infancy of this world into that grand conservatory which He would prepare for them.

There is nothing half so sweet on earth, half so bright in heaven as the young life devoted to its giver.

When the rising sun shed its rays on Memnon's statue it awakened music in the heart of stone. Religion does the same with nature. Without it we are like a voiceless bird, or a motionless stream. Now as never before, God bids us in a warning voice, "Go forth, and do with thy might what thy hands find to do." And back to the throne would that this answer were borne, "I shall ever live

'For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.'"

READING ALOUD.

Among the accomplishments which girls may cultivate to advantage, none surpasses that of reading aloud to the satisfaction of others. It is singular that more of us do not acquire this delightful art. I do not mean that we should become elocutionists, or study to be proficient in dramatic effects; I simply advise girls who wish to give pleasure to their families and friends to practice the art of reading intelligently, in a clear and distinct voice, pronouncing their words plainly, giving each sentence its full meaning, and being careful not to drop the voice too suddenly at the end of a paragraph. It is so natural to let the voice fall too much and too far at the close of a paragraph, that those who wish to be heard make a point of learning how to use the rising inflection—not to the degree which implies interrogation, but, so to speak, leaving off with tones on the level, so that the voice carries well across the room.

During vacation you will have opportunities to exercise this gift if you possess it. Half a dozen girls may enjoy the same story if one reads aloud while the rest work. The dear auntie whose sight is failing, and who is bidden by the doctor to rest her eyes, will be very much obliged to you if you will read to her an hour or more a day at intervals, as she and you may find convenient.—*Harper's Round Table.*